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"WHERE'S MY SQUARE DEAL?"



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PUCK  
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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### "What Fools These Mortals Be!"

AMBASSADOR REID is to avoid the London fogs. This may perchance be recorded as his first diplomatic blunder.

A TON of fossils for Yale, says a line from New Haven. They are intended for the Museum, however; not for the faculty.

DOES N'T it seem an age, and yet in truth it was but a little while ago when Chauncey, the peacemaker, came out of the Equitable's executive session and smilingly announced that it was "all settled."

THE INVENTION of a Kentucky man is a painless execution machine. We hate to curb enthusiasm, but it is right to tell him at the start that the methods which make the dentist's chair a seat of recreation can never popularize the office of the hangman.

MR. ROCKEFELLER has discovered that, "wherever we turn, religious joy appears. We see it everywhere." It would seem that in addition to a new wig, John must lately have acquired a fine new pair of high power spectacles. Miss Tarbell should publish a postscript.

IT is a good thing for the Beef Trust that the Department of Justice, and not Secretary Hitchcock, is hunting it down, for in the latter case, the Beef Trust might awake some morning, and without any advance notice from the newspapers, find itself in jail. Secretary Hitchcock, in handling the land fraud cases in his department, preserves an unbroken silence, but the results he gets from time to time have exceptional vocal ability.

"THE PROMISE of the Covenant," says John D., "means the success of all who keep it." This applies to railway covenants.

"THERE is something more in life than money-getting," remarks Mr. Rockefeller, who is sorry now that he did n't take a day off occasionally and hunt for it.

HALL CAINE says he is not writing a novel about American millionaires because he knows nothing about them. What of that? Indiana authors know nothing about royalty.

MIDDLETOWN has six less inhabitants this census than it had last. It is a pretty safe guess that Middletown has received no autograph photos or letters from the White House lately.

SAY TO the average woman that her clothes are pretty and she will exclaim: "Goodness, I have not a stitch to my back."—*Atchison Globe*.  
Or else: "What? This old thing! I've had it for three years."



THE GIRL HE 'LL LEAVE BEHIND HIM.

THE COAL MINERS of six states will go out on strike next April. That is one thing to think of. "The consumers have been getting their coal too cheap," says the President of the Pittsburg Coal Company. That is another thing to think of. There is a tariff tax on anthracite coal which Congress removed in 1902, when public opinion and public privation forced it to do so, but which now is in full operation as an ally of monopoly. That is a third thing to think of. Those intent upon thinking still further, may reflect on the sage remark of one Eben B. Thomas, President of the Lehigh system, "Coal is not a necessity."

THE FARCE OF THE TENDERLOIN.



OCTOBER.—To-day Captain Gilhooley, the new Czar of the Tenderloin, took command of his notorious subjects. He strolled into the station about noon, went to the Captain's room, where a floral horse-shoe from his old precinct awaited him, and then quietly announced that he guessed he'd take a walk. When seen by the reporters, Captain Gilhooley was disposed to be brief.

"The law will be enforced," he said, "that's all."

The tip went out that the new boss meant what he said, and last night the Tenderloin was closed tight, something which could not have been said of it for three months.

NOVEMBER.—Despite the oft-repeated denials of Captain Gilhooley, the Tenderloin is open. True, the front door is closed, but the back and side-doors are busy day and night. Rumors of a shake-up at headquarters are growing more persistent, numerous complaints having reached the Commissioner of the District's wide open condition.

When questioned this morning as to the probability of changes, the Commissioner declined to be definite.

"But," he added, "there *may* be something of interest in a few days."

DECEMBER.—The long expected police shake-up came in full force to-day. Sixteen captains and twelve sergeants were transferred. In the Tenderloin, where the most flagrant law violations have taken place, Captain Gilhooley makes way for Captain McPartland, Gilhooley going to the Bronx. Captain McPartland comes from Coney Island, where he made an excellent record, and the Commissioner is said to have every confidence in him. His orders are, "Clean up the Precinct."

JANUARY.—To-day Captain McPartland, the new Czar of the Tenderloin, took command of his notorious subjects. He strolled into the station about noon, went to the Captain's room, where a floral horse-shoe from his old precinct awaited him, and then quietly announced that he guessed he'd take a walk. When seen by the reporters, Captain McPartland was disposed to be brief.

"The law will be enforced," he said, "that's all."

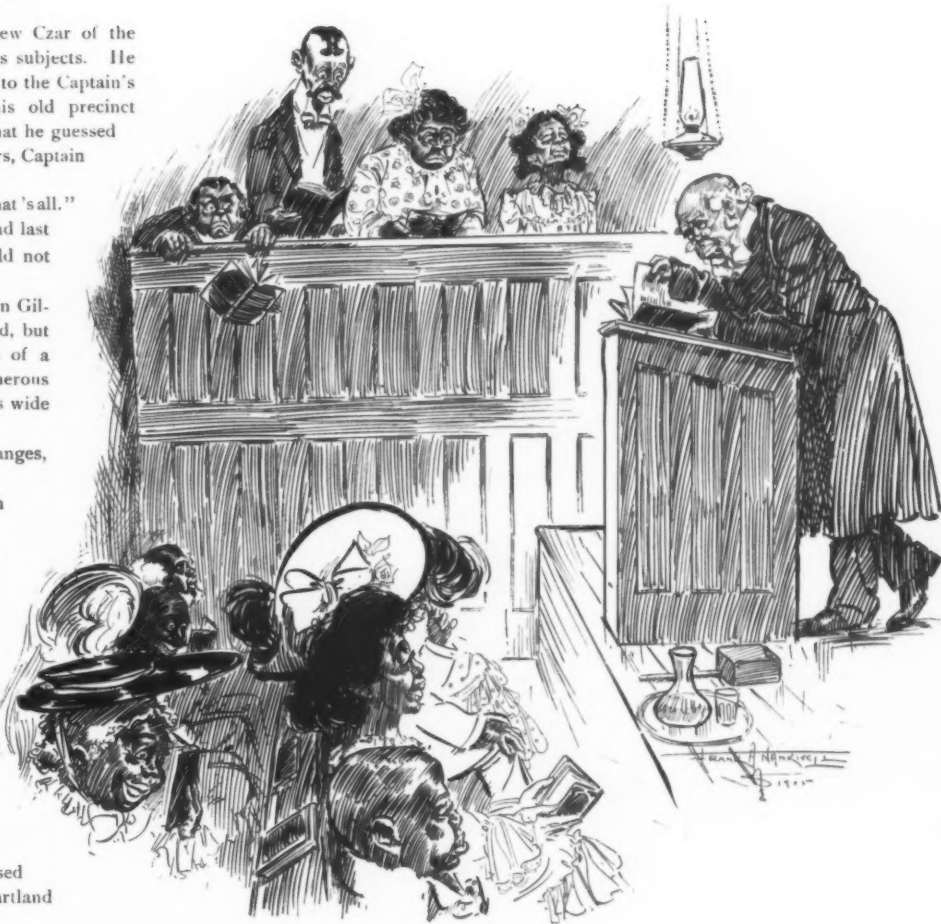
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When questioned as to the probability of changes, the Commissioner declined to be definite.

"But," he added, "there *may* be something of interest in a few days."

MARCH.—The long expected police shake-up came in full force to-day. Sixteen captains and twelve sergeants were transferred. In the Tenderloin,



TACTFUL PASTOR.

PARSON COOPAH.—De choir will now sing dat beautiful hymn, "We Hain't Got Long To Stay Here;" arter singin' which dey will consider demselves discharged and file out quietly. We will hab only congregational singin' hereafter.

where the most flagrant law violations have taken place, Captain McPartland makes way for Captain Monahan, McPartland going to the Bronx. Captain Monahan comes from Brooklyn, where he made an excellent record, and the Commissioner is said to have every confidence in him. His orders are, "Clean up the Precinct."

Thus it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be.

AS THEY SAY ON THE FOOT BALL FIELD.



A TOUCHBACK.



A BAD PASS.



A FAIR TACKLE.

# PUCK



## BARNYARD SCANDAL.

THE MOTHER HEN.—Merciful Heavens! It is their father!

## HIS ABLE ASSISTANCE.



"HUR-RUMPH!" sententiously began good old Brother Brownback. "I's a pow'ful prodigious believer, muhse'f, in de c'mandment to puhtect and keer for de widdahs—yassah! I allus does what I can for 'em, in muh humble and derogatory way. Dess de udder day, 't was, dat I was uh-projickin' along by de Widdar Squallop's place, dar, when—uck!—I sees dat chahmin' lady out in de do'yahd uh—'zaustin' her integrity tryin' to frail dat 'ar oldest boy o' her'n. She wa'n't makin' no sawt of a job of it, needer, uh-kaze de young varmint was too strong for her. I dess recalls de c'mandment, I does, and I prognosticates in th'oo de gate, and I says, 'Yo go inside o' yo' residence dar, Sistah Squallop; dess go on inside o' yo' residence, and lemme handle dat young gen'leman. Uh-kaze dis is a man's job, and de man am right yuh now to do it!' Well-uh, de boy reckoned so, too, for he squirmed loose fum his Maw, he did, and shot under de house, but I rotched for him and kotch him by de ankle and pulled de scoundrel out, uh-scrabblin' and uh-squabblin', and—uck, sah!—de way I scrutinized dat nappy-headed rascal's back wid muh cane was a plenty—yassah! I aims to be he'pful to de widdahs, and den, dat triflin' varmint had done hit me in de back o' de head wid a rock last week an' like to uh-floored me; and, besides all dat, I'm sawtuh figgerin' on marryin' his Maw, some'rs 'long 'bout de first o' de month, and he mought d'ess as well begin right now to git 'customed to havin' a man a-holt of his halter!"

## SKEPTICAL.

GEYER (*quoting*).—"We learn to do by doing," you know!

STONANBONS (*recently hard hit in the Street*).—I move to amend. It should be 'We learn by being done.'

By judicious hustling some presentiments may be made come true or otherwise, as may be desired.

## NOT FOR HIM.

MRS. HENPECK.—Did you read about that Buffalo couple who lived for nine years in the same house without speaking to each other?

MR. HENPECK.—Indeed I did. It's hard to account for the phenomenal luck of some men, is n't it?

## FRILLS.

MADGE.—Is she a girl with as many frills since she became advanced?

MARJORIE.—I should say not. Why, she has substituted bloomers for petticoats.

## POSITIVELY THE LAST.

I NEVER saw a cord of wood;  
I never want to see one;  
But I can tell you (this is good!)  
I'd rather see than saw one.

## STATUS.

"THAT portly, imposing-looking gentleman over there is a Colonel, is he not?" inquired the tourist from the North.

"Well, no, suh; he's an ex-Cuhnel, just at present," replied the landlord of the tavern at Paradise, Ky. "He has been the Cuhnel of a distilluhry for the past twenty years, but he sold the establishment last week."

## DEBT.

"WHAT an immense debt the race owes to tobacco!"  
"Oh, immense!"

"Only to-day I was reading that the cigar-shape has proved to be the best not only for airships but for submarine craft, as well."

If we can't be quite happy in this world, we can have a lot of things which other people think would make them happy.

CLIMB the ladder of Fame while you are young. Not only is your wind better and your avoirdupois less then, but people are not so likely to make irritating remarks about your making a monkey of yourself.



## IN THE BEGINNING.

EVE.—Well, and what are you laughing at now, you booby?

ADAM.—Oh, it just—ha, ha!—struck me that no matter what I say, no matter what I do, you can't—ho, ho!—go home to mother!



"I write songs, play 'em an' sing 'em, all myself!"

OUR REFINED COMEDY SKETCH ARTISTS—BIFF AND STIFF.



BIFF.—Say, who wuz 'at lady I seen you with on the street?

STIFF.—That wuz no lady. That wuz your wife.

BIFF.—No, I mean the handsome one.

STIFF.—Oh, the one with the face?

BIFF.—Certainly, Michael.

STIFF.—That wuz my sister.

BIFF.—Oh, has she quit drivin' that coal wagon?

STIFF.—Now, see here. I want you to distinctly understand that my sister don't drive no coal wagon.

BIFF.—She pulls it.

STIFF.—Yes, she pulls it. No, she *don't* pull it. See here, don't get so flossy with me. I love my sister.

BIFF.—And you'd do the same for her.

STIFF.—My sister's singin' in grand opera.

BIFF.—That's nothin'. I got a sister singin' in Grand Junction.

STIFF.—Are you musical?

BIFF.—I guess you never heard o' me.

STIFF.—You're a swell guesser, all right.

BIFF.—I write songs, play 'em and sing 'em, all myself.

STIFF.—I guess you listen all yourself, too.

BIFF.—I'm goin' to sing now.

STIFF.—I'm goin' to go. [Exit STIFF.]

BIFF (to audience).—Ladies and Gentlemen, with your kind permission I will now endeavor to sing to you my latest success, intitled (pause): Remember She's a Woman, After All. (To Musical Director) Perffessor, if you please. (Sings in high tenor):

The street car it was crowded with  
The people going home,  
They had worked hard since early morn;  
Their day's work it was done,  
A lady who was gray and old  
Got in at the next street  
And looked around quite vainly for  
To find herself a seat.

[Change to minor here.]

But there was none to offer her  
A seat in all that crowd  
Until a young girl did get up  
And say in voice quite loud:  
"Come, take my seat, dear madam,  
For you are old and gray."  
And to those men within that car  
These words she then did say:

CHORUS.

"Have you no wives nor sweethearts,  
No mothers or daughters, too?  
I have worked just as hard to-day  
As anyone of you.  
You ought to be ashamed, I think,  
You men both strong and tall,  
Although you're weary. Don't forget  
She's a woman after all."

[Tremendous applause.]

[STIFF enters and does a clog dance for ten minutes. Enter BIFF and both sing.]

We are two very jolly boys  
Born in the state of Illinois.  
When we were born we began to walk  
Until we landed in New York.

[Break-down.]

We're the richest boys upon the pike;  
We would n't work if we did n't like;  
And you can bet your left suspender  
We'll vote for McClellan next November.

[Applause. Biff says: "Thanks, Democrats."]

We've been to London, Boston, France,  
We dearly love to sing and dance,  
And now we're going away from here  
To get a nickel's-worth of beer.

[Exit BIFF and STIFF.]

Franklin P. Adams.

KENTUCKY occasionally reminds  
us that the most effective snap-  
shots are not taken with cameras.



A SWEAT SHOP.

**A**n awakened public sentiment is a good thing, until it begins to get peevish and unreasonable from lack of sleep.



THE RIGHT MOVE.

SHE is what one would call -  
Neither too short nor tall;  
Hands white as snow and small;  
Mouth like a cherry;  
Hair, a great heap of gold;  
Brow, of a classic mold;  
Eyes, that love's secrets hold,  
Twinkling and merry.

Happy she is, no doubt;  
Nothing to fret about  
Since her gay coming-out, —  
She 's only twenty:  
Maids, — she has four or five;  
Horses, — and grooms to drive;  
Money, — Dear man alive!  
Papa has plenty.

#### AMBITIOUS.



Jewels, — she fairly glows!  
Gowns, for each hour that goes;  
Gloves, too, — and, goodness knows  
How many shirtwaists!  
Every new style of hat, —  
Flamboyant, flare or flat, —  
Think of the dollars that  
This little flirt wastes!

Flirt? I confess it. She  
Sometimes will flirt with me  
When there is none to see:  
What could be better?  
In love all things are fair:  
I shall flirt all I dare,  
And be a millionaire  
The day I get her!

Felix Carmen.

#### PATCHES FOR OLD LITERATURE.



IT is evident, if some of our modern critics are to be believed, that the literature of yesterday needs a thorough rewriting at the hands of some of the experts of to-day.

Dickens, as everybody knows who reads modern criticism, had a dreadfully sloppy style. Consequently the work of rewriting Dickens should be intrusted to Henry James, who has more style than a Fifth Avenue show window. The plots and characters originated by Dickens could be retained, but the entire writing should be given into the hands of Mr. James. Imagine how the modern author would take coarse, uncouth characters like Dick Swiveler or the Wellers, for instance, and envelop them in an elusive, gossamer-like fabric of words! Under the magic of Mr. James, stories like Dickens' Christmas tales would be shorn of their commonplace words, which anybody can understand, and would be given a mystic touch which would enable readers to return to them again and again as unsolved mysteries.

As for Scott, the critics seem agreed that some of his heroines, of the always fainting type, need elevating to modern standards. Richard Harding Davis should be allowed to put in some of his athletic girls. A heroine of the Hope Langham type, in place of Rowena, would liven up matters considerably by giving a knockout blow, straight from the shoulder, to the presumptuous Templar.

Coming down to our own literature, J. Fenimore Cooper is said to be fairly crying out for someone to tinker him into shape for the modern appetite. Cooper's Indians are not real, and his characters converse in stilted measures. No doubt Cyrus Townsend Brady

could, in a week or two, patch many of the blow-holes in the Cooper novels without lowering his own phenomenal output by a single pound. Or mayhap Mr. Hamlin Garland could be induced to spare a reservation Indian from his collection, just to give Cooper books a touch of the real thing.

If these experiments work well, why not organize a Literary Tinkers' association or corporation? The books of authors who are lacking in vim and stirring action could be turned over to Mr. Jack London for the introduction of a few of his dog fights and prize fights; writers who are too brutal could be turned over to Mr. Dick Le Gallienne for the injection of some of his gilded moonshine; and so on down the line until every appetite is suited. Men need new clothes, houses need new roofs, and why do not books need patches to cover the defects disclosed by time?

A. C.

#### COURT EXTRACT.

THE court dentist carefully readjusted the position of His Majesty's head so as to facilitate the process of extracting an offending molar, and with an exultant light in his eye, grasped the forceps.

"Courage, Sir," he observed reassuringly; "another moment and 't will all be over but the shouting."

Ill-timed as was the jest, the culprit's previous record had been good, and he was allowed to name his preferred mode of execution.



#### FAKE.

SI STUBBLE.—I hear thet thet airynut who went up in the balloon at the county fair come darn near bein' killed.

Hi HUSKIN (who witnessed the ascension).—

Thet 's right; — only fer the constable interfered he 'd 'a' been lynched sure!

Si STUBBLE.—Lynched? What in tarnation did he dew?

Hi HUSKIN.—Faked it! He fell frum thet there balloon when it wuz n't more 'n fifty feet frum the ground!

#### QUITE RIGHT!

THAT a widow must look out, you know,  
For number one is true;  
And the neatest way to do it, is—  
Look out for number two.

#### WIFELY DEVOTION.

QUIBBLE (a struggling lawyer).—Buy an automobile? Great Caesar! Woman, would you drive me to the bankruptcy court?  
MRS. QUIBBLE.—Indeed I would, dear; — I would n't expect you to hire a chauffeur, you know!

#### PRINCELY.

THE MAID.—What salary is the old man giving you?  
THE NEW CHAUFFEUR.—Seventy-five a month and fines!



#### JUST SUPPOSE.

LAWYER HETTY.—Is that another of those crazy Man's Rights cranks?

COMMISSIONER GLADYS.—Yes, that 's Anthony B. Susan. He does n't dare argue with a full grown woman, but he picks out a little one like Alderman Gertie, and talks her to death.

**If our literature has indeed become a shrivelled grain in a very redundant bushel of chaff, it is a consolation to reflect that pretty poor wheat will still hold the germ of new growth.**



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

"TURN THE MASCA.  
AFTER THE INVESTIGATION—THE ST



THE RASCALS OUT."  
INVESTIGATION—THE STRICTEST ECONOMY.

# PUCK

## AT LAST!

THE agent was showing them the apartment. It was a modern apartment, very modern.

"All this is yours," said the agent, "for the ridiculously low rental of a thousand a year. And downstairs, in the basement," he added, "there is a large private bin for the storage of your surplus chattels."

The house hunters, bride and groom, caught gaspingly at the word, large.

"Would it make any difference," they asked, half hesitating, "if we kept house in the bin and stored our surplus chattels in the apartment?"

Was it true? Had they solved at last the problem of the small flat?

## HIGHLY CHARGED.

"EH-YAH!" said Constable Slack-putter, telling of the affair.

"He was so blamed drunk that he fell over his own feet and nearly fractured his skull by butting against a barber-pole; and when I nabbed him he said, says he, 'Oshifer, what in shunder you sh'pose zhat lady wi' zhe striped stockin's on has got against me? Ponnonner nev' saw her beforsh 'nall m' life!'"

It may not always be lucky to be born rich, but it is generally pretty rich to be born lucky.



## FIERCE.

MISS STENO.—Why did Grace leave her last place?

MISS TYPIST.—Oh, she made a fierce mistake!

MISS STENO.—Gracious! What was it?

MISS TYPIST.—Why, she married the boss.

mought be de case and den ag'in it mought n't. Fum what I knows of yo' general debility, sah, I 's sawtuh declined to s'picion dat dar am a deflection in yo' specification. Mebby yo' is called by de Lawd, like yo' 'lows yo' is; and, ag'in, it 's bar'ly possible dat dar am suthin' reedicularly wrong wid yo' hearin', or else de Lawd done made a mistake and got de names mixed."

## OPPORTUNITIES.

BILL SIMPKINS never gits along, an' folks is real surprised — "A mighty smart young feller" is th' way they 've got him sized,

An' Bill 's uncommon likely, but he natch'ally falls flat, B'cause he 's sot on chances th't he never kin git at.

I mind him talkin' mighty big o' things th't he c'd do, If he c'd git away from yere an' put his idees through;

Y' see, this thing gits on his mind an' sorter keeps him down,

B'cause he misses chances th't come up right yere in town.

He seems t' have a special gift fer spottin' every day, A golden oppertoonty, six hunder milés-away; An' while he figgers millyuns in some fur-off promise-land, He overlooks th' chances th't is showin' right at hand.

An' now he kinder sets aroun' an' dreams o' findin' mines, Er cleanin' up a fortune in promotin' trolley lines; He wont see nothin' here t' hum, but jes' lives off his dad, W'ile ol' Jed Hanks, th' butcher, needs a clerk, all-fired bad.

Charles R. Barnes.

## IN 3505 A. D.

FIRST AIRSHIP OWNER.—Have any trouble in reaching Mars?

SECOND AIRSHIP OWNER.—None worth mentioning. I was fined four or five times for scorching on the Milky Way and once for looping the loop on one of Saturn's rings, but that was all.

## KILLING TWO BIRDS.

MRS. GRAMERCY.—Do you think you will be happy in such a place?

MRS. PARK.—The inducements are enticing. By acquiring a residence there we will be able to get our divorce and swear off our taxes at the same time.

THE best of philosophers, alas! is apt to speculate and meditate, at times, when he really ought to be doing something else.



## THE RATIONAL VIEW.

MRS. COHENSTEIN — Ach, Morris! I haif lost my new teeth!

MR. COHENSTEIN.—Vell, vot of it? You vont vant to eat again till you get ashore, anyway!



DIARY OF A FOOTBALL  
"RINGER."

JUNE 16.—Got a lot of circulars to-day from Boundtown College, and a letter from the Director of Athletics. He says that there is a place open for a poor boy to work and insures me that I can make expenses.

JUNE 20.—Have been getting literature from other schools, but none of them seem to take as much interest in a fellow as Boundtown College. A representative of Boundtown called on me to-day and said that I could get a job and hold it and play football, too. I guess that is a pretty good school.

SEPTEMBER 9.—Somebody signing himself "A friend to deserving poor boys" sent me a railroad ticket and says that my room is all ready for me.

SEPTEMBER 14.—Was met at the depot and taken to my room by the assistant coach. He gave me a week's meal-ticket at one of the hotels and said by the time that has been punched out the training-table will be ready. Several of the boys have offered to let me have second-hand books. How thoughtful everybody is of a stranger.

SEPTEMBER 16.—My job is mowing the landlady's yard. The yard does not look as if it would need it again this fall. How fortunate I am in getting such a good job. The landlady seems well pleased with her end of the bargain.

SEPTEMBER 30.—Such a fine set of young men there is here. Every evening some of them come in and help me get my lessons. They give me their note-books to read and let me re-copy their laboratory manuals.

OCTOBER 12.—The assistant coach took me out riding this beautiful Sunday. He gave me a fine suit-case, just to remember the athletic department by. I am so glad that I came to Boundtown College.

OCTOBER 21.—I have n't mowed the landlady's yard yet, but as long as she does n't kick I am not going to.

OCTOBER 24.—We have played five games and won four of them. Playing football is hard work, but the people know it and appreciate the fact. The President came out on the field to-day after the game was over and shook hands with all of us. The faculty gave us a reception to-night.

OCTOBER 26.—I see by the papers that charges of professionalism have been made against teams of neighboring colleges. But I am glad to know that not a single dollar has been given to any member of our team. I would not be on a team that plays for anything more than sport.

NOVEMBER 3.—The girls of the college gave a reception to-night in honor of the team. When I got to my room after it was over I found all my trig. problems worked out and laying on my desk.

NOVEMBER 28.—It is all over. We have won the Thanksgiving game. All of us players were given a great ovation and carried off the gridiron. We are to be given a reception to-night by the whole school. I am really sorry that football days are over.



"GUESS WHO?"

DECEMBER 4.—The landlady says that she has so little for me to do that she will have to charge me room rent from now on. I scarcely know how I will be able to pay her. The boys have so much to do now that they do not come in in the evenings to study with me any more.

DECEMBER 11.—I am simply not able to pay all the room rent the landlady asks, and my work is getting so heavy that I know that I will break down.

DECEMBER 12.—Mother said in her letter to-day that father was not feeling very well. Father being sick worries me, and so I am going home to-morrow.

Homer Croy.

HIS REASON.

BOY.—Papa, when I grow up I want to be a lawyer.

MILLIONAIRE FATHER.

—Why a lawyer, my son?

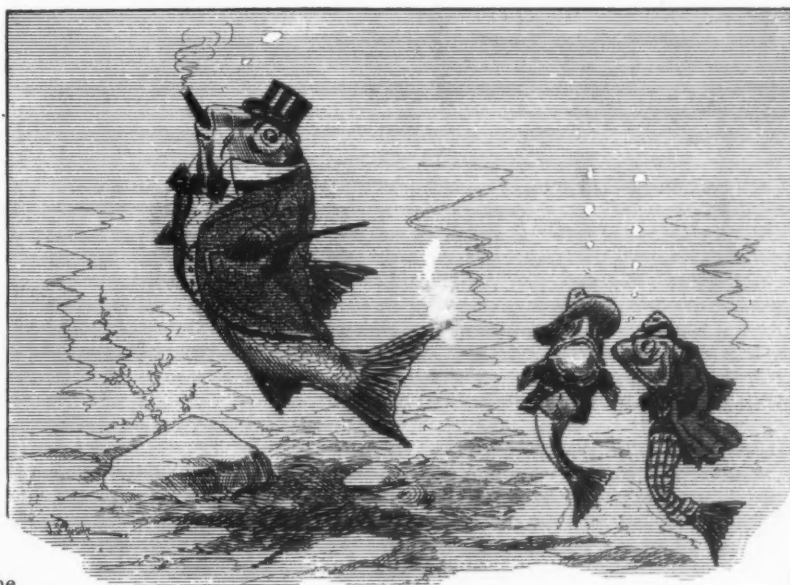
BOY.—'Cause I want the job of making your will.

SIMILARITY.

SHE.—This lace is beautiful, but very expensive.

HER HUSBAND.—Like you, my dear.

IT is n't really necessary to fool all of the people all of the time. If you can fool a fair proportion of them part of the time, you can, by judicious management, make good enough to laugh at the rest all of the time.

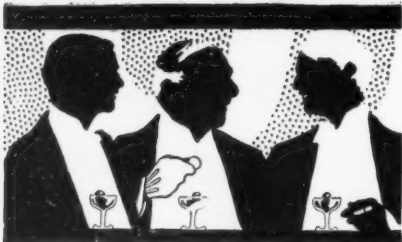


ONE IN A THOUSAND.

LITTLE FISH.—What makes Scales put on so much airs?

ANOTHER.—Why, he's boasting that he once got away from Grover Cleveland.

**I**t is true epitaphs have gone out of vogue, but there are still monumental liars.



A GOOD thing is usually a target for imitators. Be sure to insist on CLUB COCKTAILS if you want the satisfaction that goes with a royal drink.

It is not enough for imitators to use the same ingredients—the secret of CLUB superiority is the exquisite proportions of liquors used and the ageing. This formula cannot be imitated—so CLUB COCKTAILS remains the only brand.

Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors  
Hartford New York London

## HOTEL SEVILLE

Madison Ave. and 29th St., N. Y.

In Shopping and Theatre District; Yet Located for Quiet and Ease. Near R. R. Stations. Crosstown Cars connecting with all Ferries pass the door.



SINGLE ROOMS or SUITES.

Furnished or Unfurnished.

Transient Rates from \$1.50 per day;  
With Bath, \$2.00 per day.

EDWARD PURCHAS, Mgr.

THE evil that men do lives after them—and keeps on drawing interest!  
—*Indianapolis News*.

**Shine on!**  
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

**Bar Keeper's Friend**

lac's, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug-gists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

# WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

NOT FULLY RECOGNIZED.

"Is that man a grafter?"

"I would n't say he was fully worthy of the title," answered Senator Sorghum. "He has made a start, but he has n't gotten away with the goods."  
—*Washington Star*.



AT THE EVENING MUSICAL.

GLADYS.—Don't you detest rag-time, Ferdy?

FERDY.—Oh, twemendously! The mere thought of wags makes me shudder, y' know.

Add a little Abbott's Angostura Bitters to a glass of wine and you'll be surprised what a delightful tonic it makes.

BETTER EMPLOYED.

"This paper says that eleven Kansas jails are empty."

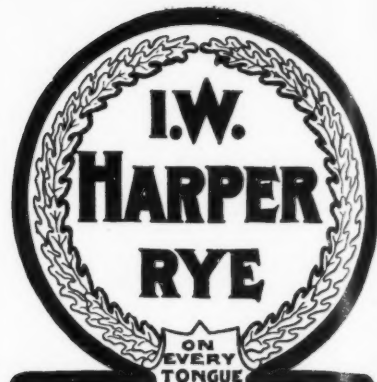
"I s'pose there's nobody with any time to tend jail while the harvest fields are calling."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

THEY are having corn carnivals now out in Kansas. Rather unexpectedly modest of chesty Kansas to begin thus at the foot.—*Indianapolis News*.

THERE is little hope that the appeal for economy in the Government Printing Office will induce Congressmen to boil down their speeches.—*Washington Post*.

THE physician who is busy looking for the yellow fever germ in the south is likely to find it if he will sleep in the swamps but one night. Many a one.  
—*Minneapolis Times*.

It is said that Mr. Rockefeller's wig gives him a benevolent appearance. But there is nothing more deceptive than appearances. Ask Miss Tarbell and Mr. Lawson.—*Kansas City Journal*.



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*Detroit Free Press*.



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#### A REMINISCENCE.

She's far away the summer girl,  
The months have swiftly hurried by,  
And lonely, 'mid the breakers' swirl,  
The ocean zephyr breathes its sigh.  
I wonder was she short or tall,  
That lass whose charms could so  
beguile.

But all that fancy can recall  
Is just a freckle and a smile.

I know not if her eyes were blue,  
Or if her hair was raven black;  
Of graces such as these we view  
Each day no noticeable lack.  
But nature ne'er again has caught  
The archness, the unstudied wile,  
The psychic combination wrought  
By just a freckle and a smile.

—Washington Star.

#### HIS SALVATION.

Success is the only thing that will  
save an inventor from being classed as  
a crank.—Detroit Free Press.

MEN in the swim frequently make  
their escape by the water wagon.—  
Indianapolis News.

A WOMAN will forgive a man almost  
anything, if he only asks her in the  
right way. She has learned from long  
experience that she has to. — Somerville Journal.

It seems very clear now, does n't it,  
that you made a mistake when you  
did n't go into the life insurance business  
instead of working for a living.—  
Indianapolis News.

### COOK'S Imperial Extra dry CHAMPAGNE

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H. C. BUNNER

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is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that  
quaint humor and originality.—Detroit Free Press.

## THE RUNAWAY BROWNS

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even  
from those unused to smile.—N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin.

## MORE SHORT SIXES

You smile over their delicious absurdities, per-  
haps, but never roar because they are "awfully  
funny."—Boston Times.

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TEARS.  
"Does that emotional actress shed real tears?"  
"No," answered the manager. "But the man who is backing the show is liable to."—*Washington Star*.

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—*Detroit Free Press*.

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—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.  
—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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### REPARTEE OF CITIES.

"Have a stogie," called Pittsburg over the long-distance wire.  
"Thanks," replied Chicago, "but I smoke too much already." And the smoke inspector who was dozing in an easy chair woke up and grinned at the joke.—*Chicago Daily News*.



### BOTH BUZZERS.

THE GOLFER.—Does he shy at autos?

THE OWNER.—He did; but he heard them called buzz-wagons once, and now he thinks they're some sort of a relative.

It's the proper thing to take Abbott's Angostura Bitters with a glass of sherry or soda before meals; gives you an appetite. At all druggists.

### MORE ETIQUETTE.

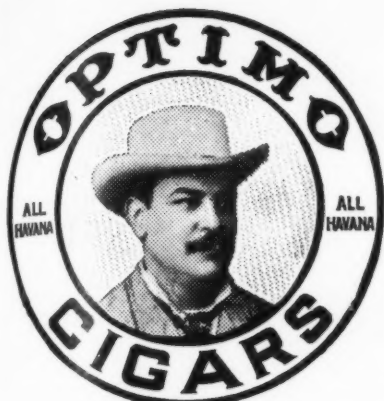
When the jelly is served it is awfully rude,  
As it wobbles and shakes on the plate;  
By word or suggestion to even allude  
To the dance little Egypt made great.  
Though the common may laugh and declare it is cute  
You'll find that such manners the proper won't suit.  
—*Detroit Free Press*.

### ONE-SIDED.

"So your wife objects to your playing the races?"  
"Yes. She is afraid that if I keep on she will have to resign from her bridge-whist club."—*Washington Star*.

It sometimes happens that a mean man is so absent-minded that he smiles at people he does n't like.—*Weekly Globe*.

JAMES HAZEN HYDE has sold all of his fine horses and carriages. He probably found it too expensive to maintain his stables after he was compelled to use his own money for that purpose.—*Washington Post*.



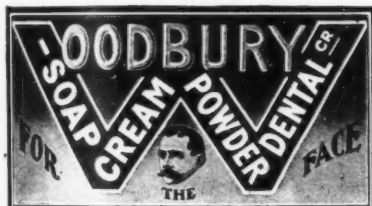
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#### THE REAL REQUIREMENT.

"There's no use in my joining your sewing circle," said the new resident. "I really can't sew at all!"  
"Oh, yes, but you can talk!" persisted the caller, with the invitation. — *Detroit Free Press.*

#### A QUESTION OF OBLIGATION.

"Are you going to betray the people after they put you into office?"  
"My dear sir," answered Senator Sorghum, "you misapprehend. The people did not put me into office. And shall I go back on the men who did?" — *Washington Star.*

#### HIS LITTLE JOKE.

"Hold on!" shouted the corpulent matron in the big skyscraper. "I want you to take me and my six children to the top floor."  
"Sorry, lady," chuckled the elevator boy, "but I can't do it."  
"Can't do it? Why not?"  
"Because I am too young to raise a family."  
And tipping his blue cap he guided the car out of sight. — *Chicago Daily News.*

BUT is n't it rather heartless, not to say unpatriotic, for Colonel Bryan to withdraw his guardianship from his beloved country at a time when it is having all kinds of trouble with grafters and corrupt monopolies? — *Kansas City Journal.*



#### THE MAIN THOROUGHFARE.

CHOLLY LONGACRE. — This is Fifth Avenue we're on now, old chap.  
LORD LITTLEDOUGH. — Is it, deah boy. Now, show me Brad Street.

#### WORK.

"Why don't you go to work?"  
"Mister," said Plodding Pete, "I've talked for five minutes tryin' to tell you a hard-luck story that would win a dime."  
"You have."  
"An' if I kin hold yer interest, I'm liable to keep on talkin', an' den may-be not git a cent."  
"That's quite true."  
"Well, mister, ain't dat work?" — *Washington Star.*

#### SAME OLD TRAIT.

"Does he pay his alimony promptly?"  
"No, he has to be urged and threatened every pay day. But then of course I got used to that when we were living together." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

**BOKER'S BITTERS**

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#### LOOKING BACKWARD.

Hazy skies and sudden gales —  
Weather of the autumn sort;  
Winter waits beyond the pales —  
Was n't summer awful short?  
— *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

SOME people's idea of being sincere is to say disagreeable things to their friends' faces. — *Weekly Globe.*

WE would hate to be a preacher. Just the time he gets a church paid for, he is moved to one that is in debt. — *Weekly Globe.*

# SONG OF THE TONGS

SUNUP on de Ches'peake bay,  
Salt aih cool en hazy;  
Eat mah snack en sail away —  
Sleep still leabe me lazy.  
Drop det anchoh wid a yawn,  
Soon dem tongs am slippin';  
Masteh Oysteh he cling on —  
Bring him up a-drippin'.

Oh, Remus Ladd, he sing his songs,  
His brown ahm move so swif';  
He lif' det oysteh wid his tongs  
Abohd de Betsy Smiff.

Noonday on de Ches'peake bay,  
Tongehs movin' fasteh;  
Sloop en pungy out to-day,  
Bugeye en three-masteh.  
Dredge-boat wukin' swif' en fine,  
Heah det steel net rumble;  
But Ah dess use dese tongs ob mine —  
Got no caus' to grumble.

Oh, Remus Ladd he roll right back  
Light his pipe en whiff;  
Pone en bacon foh his snack  
Abohd de Betsy Smiff.

Sundown on de Ches'peake bay,  
Win' shif' roun' a quahteh;  
Sho' line dim en misty gray,  
Chill rise fum de wateh.  
Buy boat cum fum Baltimo',  
Sell out in en houh;  
Sail back to de Eastehn Sho' —  
Buy mah salt en flouh.

Oh, Remus Ladd he mak' de cove,  
De win' rise fresh en stiff;  
He kibbeh up en hug de stove  
Abohd de Betsy Smiff.

Victor A. Hermann.

